

## FREEDOM FROM SIN.

## Dr. Talmage Depicts Struggle of Man Who Desires Liberation.

Takes Text from Proverbs and Shows the Good Angel and the Bad Angel Striving for Victory Over the Soul.

(Copyright, 1901, by Louis Klopsch, N. Y.) Washington, Nov. 10.

In this discourse Dr. Talmage depicts the struggle of a man who desires liberation from the enthrallment of evil and shows how he may be set free; text, Proverbs 23:33: "When shall I awake? I will seek it yet again."

With an insight into human nature such as no other man ever had Solomon in these words is sketching the mental processes of a man who has stepped aside from the path of rectitude and would like to return. Wishing for something better, he says: "When shall I awake? When shall I get over this horrible nightmare of iniquity?" But, seized upon by an unradicated appetite and pushed down hill by his passions, he cries out: "I will seek it yet again. I will try it once more!"

About a mile from Princeton, N. J., there is a skating pond. One winter day, when the ice was very thin, a farmer living near by warned the young men of the danger of skating at that time. They all took the warning except one young man. He in the spirit of bravado, said: "Boys, one round more." He struck out on his skates, the ice broke, and his lifeless body was brought up. And in all matters of temptation and allurements it is not a prolongation that is proposed, but only just one more indulgence, just one more sin. Then comes the fatality. Alas, for the one round more! "I will seek it yet again."

Our libraries are adorned with elegant literature addressed to young men pointing out to them all the dangers and perils of life—complete maps of the voyage of life—the shoals, the rocks, the quicksands. But suppose a young man is already shipwrecked, suppose he is already off the track, suppose he has already gone astray, how can he get back? That is a question that remains unanswered, and amid all the books of the libraries I find not one word on that subject. To that class of persons I this day address myself.

You compare what you are now with what you were three or four years ago, and you are greatly disheartened. You are ready with every passion of your soul to listen to a discussion like this. Be of good cheer! Your best days are yet to come. I offer you the hand of welcome and rescue. I put the silver trumpet of the gospel to my lips and blow one long, loud blast, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come, and let him come now." The church of God is ready to spread a banquet upon your return, and all the hierarchs of Heaven fall into line of bannered procession over your redemption.

Years ago, and while yet Albert Barnes was living, I preached in his pulpit one night to the young men of Philadelphia. In the opening of my discourse I said: "O Lord, give me one soul to-night!" At the close of the service Mr. Barnes introduced a young man saying: "This is the young man you prayed for." But I see now it was too limited a prayer.

So far as God may help me I propose to show what are the obstacles to your return and how you are to surmount those obstacles. The first difficulty in the way of your return is the force of moral gravitation. Just as there is a natural law which brings down to earth anything you throw into the air, so there is a corresponding moral gravitation. I never shall forget a prayer I heard a young man make in the Young Men's Christian association of New York. With trembling voice and streaming eyes he said: "O God Thou knowest how easy it is for me to do wrong and how hard it is for me to do right! God help me!" That man knows not his own heart who has never felt the power of moral gravitation.

In your boyhood you had good associates and bad associates. Which most impressed you? During the last few years you have heard pure anecdotes and impure anecdotes. Which the easiest stuck in your memory? You have had good habits and bad habits. To which did your soul more easily yield? But that moral gravitation may be resisted. Just as you may pick up anything from the earth and hold it in your hand toward heaven, just so, by the power of God's grace, a fallen soul may be lifted toward peace, toward pardon, toward salvation. The force of moral gravitation is in every one of us, but also power in God's grace to overcome that force.

The next thing in the way of your return is the power of evil habit. I know there are those who say it is very easy for them to give up evil habits. I cannot believe them. Here is a man given to intoxication, who knows it is disgracing his family, destroying his property and ruining him—body, mind and soul. If that man, an intelligent man and loving his family, could give up that habit, would he not do so? The fact that he does not give it up proves that it is hard to give it up. It is a very easy thing to sail down stream, the tide carrying you with great force; but suppose you turn the boat up stream, it is so easy then to row it? As long as we yield to the evil inclinations in our heart and to our bad habits we are sailing down stream, but the moment we try to turn we put our boat in the rapids

just above Niagara and try to row up stream.

A physician tells his patient that he must quit the use of tobacco, as it is destroying his health. The man replies: "I can stop that habit easy enough." He quits the use of the weed. He goes around not knowing what to do with himself. He cannot add up a column of figures; he cannot sleep nights. It seems as if the world had turned upside down. He feels his business is going to ruin. Where he was kind and obliging he is scolding and fretful. The composure that characterized him has given way to a fretful restlessness, and he has become a complete fidget. What power is it that has rolled a wave of woe over the earth and shaken a portent in the heavens? He has quit tobacco. After awhile he says: "I am going to do as I please. The doctor does not understand my case. I am going back to my old habits." And he returns. Everything assumes its usual composure. His business seems to brighten. The world becomes an attractive place to live in. His children, seeing the difference, hail the return of their father's genial disposition. What wave of color has dashed blue into the sky, and greenness into the mountain foliage, and the glow of sapphire into the sunset? What enchantment has lifted a world of beauty and joy on his soul? He has resumed tobacco.

The fact is, we all know in our own experience that habit is a taskmaster. As long as we obey it it does not chastise us; but let us resist, and we find that we are lashed with scorpion whips and bound with ship cable and thrown into the track of bone-breaking juggernauts.

Suppose a man of five or ten or twenty years of evildoing resolves to do right, why are all the forces of darkness allied against him? He gets down on his knees in the midnight and cries: "God help me!" He bites his lip. He grinds his teeth. He clinches his fist in a determination to keep to his purpose. He dare not look at the bottles in the window of a wine store. It is one long, bitter, exhaustive, hand-to-hand fight with inflated, tantalizing, merciless habit. When he thinks he is entirely free, the old inclination pounces upon him like a pack of hounds, all their muzzles tearing away at the flanks of one poor reinder.

In Paris there is a sculptured representation of Bacchus, the god of revelry. He is riding on a panther at full leap. Oh, how suggestive! Let every one who is speeding on bad ways understand he is not riding a docile and well-broken steed, but that he is riding a monster wild and bloodthirsty and going at a death leap.

I have also to say if a man wants to return from evil practices society repulses him. The prodigal, wishing to return, tries to take some professor of religion by the hand. The professor of religion looks at him, looks at the faded apparel and the marks of dissipation, and instead of giving him a firm grip of the hand offers him the tip end of the longer fingers of the left hand, which is equal to striking a man in the face. Oh, how few Christian people understand how much gospel there is in a good, honest, handshaking! Sometimes when you have felt the need of encouragement and some Christian man has taken you heartily by the hand, have you not felt thrilling through every fiber of your body, mind and soul an encouragement that was just what you needed?

The prodigal, wishing to get into good society, enters a prayer meeting. Some good man without much sense greets him by saying: "Why are you here? You are about the last person that I expected to see in a prayer meeting. Well, the dying thief was saved, and there is hope for you." You do not know anything about this unless you have learned that when a man tries to return from evil courses of conduct he runs against repulsions innumerable.

I think, also, that men are often hindered from returning by the fact that churches are anxious about their membership, too anxious about their denunciation, and they rush out when they see a man about to give up sin and return to God and ask him how he is going to be baptized—whether by sprinkling or immersion—and what kind of a church he is going to join. It is a poor time to talk about Presbyterianism and Episcopal liturgies and Methodist love feasts and Baptist immersions when a man is about to come out of the darkness of sin into the glorious light of the gospel.

Why, it reminds me of a man drowning in the sea, and a lifeboat puts out for him, and the man in the boat says to the man in the water: "Now, if I get you ashore, are you going to live in my street?" First get him ashore, and then talk to him about the nonessentials of religion. Who cares what church he joins if he only joins Christ and starts for Heaven? Oh, you, my brother, of illumined face and a hearty grip for every one that tries to turn from the evil way, take hold of the same hymnbook with him, though his dissipation shake the book, remembering that he that "converteth a sinner from the error of his ways shall save a soul from death and hide a multitude of sins."

Now, I have shown you these obstacles because I want you to understand I know all the difficulties in the way. But I am now going to tell you how Hannibal may scale the Alps and how the shackles may be unrevoked and how the paths of virtue forsaken may be regained. First of all, throw yourself on God. Go to Him frankly and earnestly and tell Him these habits you have and ask Him, if there is any help in all the resources of omnipotent love, to give it to you. Do not go on with a long rigmarole, which some people call prayer, made up of

ohs and ahs and forever and forever amen! Go to God and cry for help.

I remember that in the civil war I was at Antietam, with other members of the Christian commission, to look after the wounded. I went into the hospital after the battle, and I said to a man: "Where are you hurt?" He made no answer, but held up his arm, swollen and splintered. I saw where he was hurt. The simple fact is, when a man has a wounded soul all he has to do is to hold it up before a sympathetic Lord and get it healed. It does not take any long prayer. Just hold up the wound. It is no small thing when a man is nervous and weak and exhausted, coming from his evil ways, to feel that God puts two omnipotent arms about him and says:

"Young man, I will stand by you. The mountains may depart and the hills be removed, but I will never fail you." And then, as the soul thinks the news is too good to be true and cannot believe it and looks up in God's face, God lifts His right hand and takes an affidavit, makes an oath, saying: "As I live," saith the Lord, "I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked." Blessed be God for such Gospel as this! "Cut the sleeve thin," says the wife to the husband, "for there will not be enough to go around for all the children. Cut the sleeves thin." Blessed be God, there is a full loaf for every one that wants it. Bread and enough to spare! No thin slices on the Lord's table!

I remember that while living in Philadelphia, at the time I spoke of a minute ago, the Master Street hospital was opened, and a telegram was received, saying: "There will be 300 wounded men to-night. Please take care of them." From my church there went out 20 or 30 men and women. As the poor, wounded men were brought in no one asked them from what state they came or what was their parentage. There was a wounded soldier, and the only question was how to take off the rags most gently and put on the cool bandage and administer the cordial. And when a soul comes to God He does not ask where you came from or what your ancestry was. Healing balm for all your wounds; pardon for all your guilt; comfort for all your troubles!

Then, also, I counsel you, if you want to get back, quit all your bad associates. One unholy intimacy will fill your soul with moral distemper. In all the ages of the church there has not been an instance where a man kept one evil associate and was reformed—among the 1,000,000,000 of the race, not one instance. Give up your bad companions or give up heaven. It is not ten bad companions that destroy a man nor five bad companions nor three, but one.

What chance is there for the young man I saw along the street, four or five young men with him, in front of a grog-shop, urging him to go in, he resisting vehemently, resisting, until, after awhile they forced him to go in? It was a summer night, and the door was left open, and I saw the process. They held him fast, and they put the cup to his lips, and they forced down the strong drink. What chance is there for such a young man?

I counsel you also to seek Christian advice. Every Christian man is bound to help you. If he declines to help you, he is not a Christian. Now gather up all your energies of body, mind and soul, and, appealing to God for success, declare this day everlasting war against all evil influences. A half work will amount to nothing; it must be a Waterloo. Shrink back now and you are lost. Push on and you are saved. A Spartan general fell at the very moment of victory, but he dipped his finger in his own blood and wrote on a rock near which he was dying: "Sparta has conquered." Though your struggle to get rid of sin may seem to be almost a death struggle, you can dip your finger in your own blood and write on the Rock of Ages: "Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Some one said to a Grecian general: "What was the proudest moment of your life?" He thought a moment and said: "The proudest moment was when I sent word home to my parents that I had gained the victory." And the gladdest and most brilliant moment in your life will be the moment when you can send word to your parents that you have conquered the evil habits by the grace of God and become eternal victors.

Oh, despite not parental anxiety! The time will come when you will have neither father nor mother, and you will go around the place where they used to watch you and find them gone from the house and gone from the field and gone from the neighborhood. Cry as loud for forgiveness as you may over the mound in the churchyard, they cannot answer. Dead! Dead! And then you will take out the white lock of hair that was cut from your mother's brow just before they buried her, and you will take the cane with which your father used to walk, and you will think and think and wish that you had done just as they wanted you and would give the world if you had never thrust a pang through their fear old hearts.

God pity the young man who has brought disgrace on his father's name! God pity the young man who has broken his mother's heart! Better that he had never been born. Better if in the first hour of his life, instead of being laid against the warm bosom of maternal tenderness, he had been coffered and sepulchered. There is no balm powerful enough to heal the heart of one who has brought parents to a sorrowful grave and who wanders about through the dismal cemetery crying: "Mother, mother!" Oh, that to-day, by all the memories of the past and by all the hopes of the future, you would yield your heart to God! May your father's God and your mother's God be your God forever!

## DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

## Kidney Trouble Makes You Miserable.

Almost everybody who reads the newspapers is sure to know of the wonderful cures made by Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy. It is the great medical triumph of the nineteenth century; discovered after years of scientific research by Dr. Kilmer, the eminent kidney and bladder specialist, and is wonderfully successful in promptly curing lame back, kidney, bladder, uric acid troubles and Bright's Disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything but if you have kidney, liver or bladder trouble it will be found just the remedy you need. It has been tested in so many ways, in hospital work, in private practice, among the helplessness poor to purchase relief and has proved so successful in every case that a special arrangement has been made by which all readers of this paper who have not already tried it, may have a sample bottle sent free by mail, also a book telling more about Swamp-Root and how to find out if you have kidney or bladder trouble. When writing mention reading this generous offer in this paper and send your address to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Elm Street, New York, N. Y. The regular fifty cent and dollar bottles are sold by all good druggists.

## KANSAS CLIPS AND COMMENTS

A Boston ladies' musical organization is getting \$250 guaranteed a night in Kansas.

The Abilene gas well is down 1,200 feet and still no injunction has been started by China.

From all over the state come reports like this: "For the first time in seven years—township went Republican."

Brass jewelry can still be sold on the streets of Burlington, if you have the gall to swear it is solid gold and only ask a small price.

The Concordia city council announces that the joints must close—again—but being merciful sets the day for two week ahead.

An old German near Chetopa makes this comment on the New York election: "Seth Low's supporters was too Tam many for Boss Croker."

All the Kansas towns that failed to get a library out of him are grinning because Andrew Carnegie failed to get the title he wanted in England.

In Clay Center only 86 votes were cast, and apples were given to induce the casting of some of these. Now if potatoes had been used—

As a result of the recent election Ottawa will not have a new county jail. Life in the old one is so uncomfortable that this is probably a reform measure.

At Coffeyville Romeo and Juliet agreed to refund the money to any of the eavesdroppers who saw them spooning and didn't like the show, after the second act.

A newspaper out at Stockton, in giving the account of a wedding, said the bride was "as handsome and attractive specimen of a young woman as ever weighed 185 pounds."

Barney Sheridan signalled the change in his spirit from the huge old-fashioned blanket sheet to a tidy modern page by printing a handsome issue on book paper, full of news and ads.

An Emporia man is proudly showing a letter from Richard Harding Davis. Some day men in Emporia will be proudly exhibiting duns and statements signed by William Allen White.

Topeka's latest joint trouble was the arrest of a man and his pretty daughter for selling liquor. Which is further evidence that Topeka keeps poor drinks, when a pretty girl is required to secure buyers.

"If you want to know all about the big revival, take the News," is a big ad in the Wellington News. And the reporter will undoubtedly follow the sinners right to the mourners' bench and interview them there.

Mrs. Emily Hart an old negro washerwoman bought a little house at Coffeyville recently paying \$128 for it. She had the money all in half-dollars which she had saved from her washings at fifty cents each.

The Howard Courier made the general statement that a good deal of stealing from the railroad company was being done. The next week five different readers called and kicked about the editor "taking a dig" at them.

Judge Skidmore of Columbus has decided to make the race in the Third district on the Republican ticket for Congress next year. George Wheatley will try again and of course Jackson, the present incumbent will try to renew his vows.

Billy Bowlegs, a well known colored character of Wellington, died recently in his 100th year. When he was ill a rooster was tied to his bed on the theory that its crowing would scare death away. Or was it in the hope of reviving interest in life in the patient?

One of the good things that appear in the Kansas press: A wife remarked to her husband that their daughter was twenty and should be married. "Oh she has plenty of time. Let her wait till the right sort of a man comes along." "Wait nothing," replied the wife. "I didn't wait for the right sort of a man."

That story from Atchison of a law student's asking a well known lawyer if it was possible to be a lawyer and remain honest and getting the reply that the question was never settled because nobody had ever tried it is like an old cigarette story. A smoker asked a doctor what really was the effect of cigarettes on a man's brain. "Don't know," snapped the doctor. "No man with brains ever used them."

E. P. Hanna, one of the leading lawyers in the Schley case is from Salina.

The Independence cotton mill which closed for some time has reopened and will make twine.

The Parsons Sun has discovered that Venus is cavorting about the west part of town and warns unsophisticated youths to keep away.

A Lyndon man has gone crazy and has the idea that he is pursued by skunks. There is some sense in losing one's mind under those circumstances.

Since the Elks branded sixty-five of Winfield's business men the "Best People on Earth" it would seem the business at the big revival would grow slack.

The tent which stood the strain of oratory which saved sixty-five sinners in one night at Winfield fell before the blast of wind that passed over Saturday night.

President Roosevelt was the recipient of a fat possum recently and the Lawrence Journal thinks it the mute endorsement by some man of his entertaining Booker Washington.

Has Henry Allen begun knocking on the President? Monday he started an editorial thus: "A good portion of Poore's resident R. velt's message." Or has he suddenly begun to stutter?

The Record says the "infant morality is frightful" at Bronson and urges the liberal use of a certain patent medicine. Which indicate that the editor believes morality is relative to mortality.

A Newton lady traveling in Germany wrote a letter home and the classical editor of the Kansas headed it "From the Land of Tell." Which caused the unwashed to enquire "wat t'ell?"

At Coffeyville Halloween night the kids took the Professor's Jersey coat to the second floor of the building. The Journal says that "considerable damage was done throughout the building."

A tramp crawled on top of a walled in boiler at Coffeyville's brick plant, and was found dead next morning, undoubtedly asphyxiated by the fumes of the gas burned beneath the boiler.

A farm journal says that in the crop of one dead quail was found 101 potato bugs. Which fact ought to assist in preserving the quail by showing their usefulness and reducing the demand for dead ones.

An Ottawa woman says "Love is something that makes angels of women and devils of men." Wherefore it is strange that the angels wait immediately to get the devil away from everybody else all to herself.

Wichita Eagle: John Keating who wrote: "Just One Girl in This World for Me," has been sued for breach of promise. Apparently the others he knew made Pearl go way back and sit down.

A man drove a pig in the middle of an Emporia street the other day, and it took two columns in the local papers to tell how "active work of building the North and South road which is to make Emporia a great city has begun."

A sixteen year old girl from near Lucas, Kansas, was allowed by her mother to go to Denver to marry Tom Sparkey the pugilist. The old lady ought to have her ears boxed, without gloves. Luckily the trip proved to be the result of a joke.

There are few stories that a gas or oil town won't stand for if it is exaggerated in favor of the town. Recently Chanute was credited with an oil well that flowed "9,000,000 cubic feet a day," and not a soul has ever denied it. The well was a gasser.

Conductor Beers on the Santa Fe running south from Wichita found a purse in a car that contained \$4,000. He left the money at Winfield to be returned to the owner. Which shows that there are some good Beers, Mrs. Nation to the contrary notwithstanding.

Frank Welch, a Ft. Scott boy, robbed a bee tree while out hunting. Resuming the hunt he fell to the ground, exclaiming that he was shot. His startled companions ran to him, opened his shirt and found a honey bee had stung him at the moment the gun went off.

A 15-year-old girl under arrest at Wichita, was locked for the night in a room at the top of the court house. It was a spooky room and she didn't like it, so she opened a window and stood on the ledge outside, eighty feet from the ground. Passersby saw her and she was quickly escorted to a better room.

Without apologizing to George Ade, Bent Muddock breaks out thus: "A Boss Buster is a Clabber Faced Barnacle who has lost his Job at the Pie Counter and has to Go Away Back and Sit Down. A Clabber Faced Barnacle is a Boss Buster who is up against the Pie Counter with both Feet in the Trough."

C. E. Gates, for many years a Rock Island dragoon at Wichita, has just returned from a trip around the world. But the strange part of the story is that this man from Wichita proposed this toast to his companions before they left San Francisco, that none of them drink any liquor until they returned to America.

Ex-Governor Morrill tells this: "Asked by an old soldier of the Civil War what regiment I served in, I replied, 'in the only honest regiment that fought in the War of the Rebellion, the Seventh Kansas cavalry.' The old veteran quietly replied, 'My God, how did you come to be here? I heard that the last one of that regiment was hanged down in Mississippi for stealing.'"

Atchison Globe: An Atchison woman talked, talked, talked and jabbered away all her life. The older she got the more she talked, and she talked so much that she developed callouses in her organs of speech, and it became necessary to cut away the corns in her throat. After the operation was performed, she was told that if she spoke a word for twenty-four hours, she could not live. She was buried that week at Mt. Vernon cemetery.

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## Road Notice.

State of Kansas, Allen County, ss.  
Whereas, Application has been made by petition to the Board of County Commissioners of said county, for locating a county road, as follows, to-wit: Commencing at a point one half (1/2) mile south of the Northeast corner of Section No. 35, Township 26N, Range 18E, and running directly west one (1) mile to the center of the west line of Section No. 30.

And Whereas, Mahlon Hensberg, J. W. Carroll and J. D. Wood, viewers, and Late P. Stover county surveyor of said county, have been ordered by said County Commissioners to view, survey and locate said road.

Therefore, you are hereby notified that said viewers and surveyor will proceed, on the 23rd day of November 1901, at 10 o'clock, a.m., at the place of beginning of said road, to view, survey and locate said road, and perform whatever other duties as are required of them by law, and unless you then file a written application with said viewers, giving a description of the premises on which you claim damages or compensation, your application for the same will be held in abeyance. Witness my hand at my office in Iola, in said county, this 15th day of Oct. A. D. 1901.

E. A. FROST, County Clerk.

## Publication Notice

(First Published November 8th, 1901)  
In Justice's Court, before C. S. Potter, Justice of the Peace within and for the City of Iola, County of Allen, State of Kansas.

Geo. A. Ward, Defendant.

To the defendant above named:

You are hereby notified that on the 15th day of October, 1901, a Summons and Order of Attachment were issued in the above entitled action, for the sum of \$75.00 and costs of action by the undersigned, Justice of the Peace; that said summons was returned "defendant not found" and attachment order returned attaching property of the above named defendant appraised at \$0.

You are further notified that said cause will be heard before me on the 22nd day of December, 1901, at 9 o'clock, a.m. of said day, at my office in the City of Iola, Allen County, State of Kansas, of all of which you will take notice. Witness my hand this 15th day of October, A. D. 1901.

C. S. POTTER, Justice of the Peace.

A. HANDEL, J. M. MULLER, Attorneys for Plaintiff.

## Notice for Publication

Department of the Interior, Land Office at Topeka, Kansas, Oct. 30, 1901.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of District Court at Iola, Kansas, on Nov. 2, 1901, viz: John M. Wineburner, on Homestead Entry No. 462, for the lots 1 and 2, sec. 27, T. 26N., R. 18E., 3d. 4th. S.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: George B. Burke, of Savoy, Kansas; Harry Huff of Savoy, Kansas; Link Conner, of Savoy, Kansas; William J. Price, of Iola, Kansas.

GEO. W. FISHER, Register.

## Notice of Appointment—Administrator

STATE OF KANSAS, ss. ALLEN COUNTY, ss.

In the matter of the estate of Helen B. Waters, late of Allen County, Kansas.

Notice is hereby given, that on the 30th day of October, A. D. 1901, the undersigned was by the Probate Court of Allen County, Kansas, duly appointed and qualified as Administrator of the Estate of Helen B. Waters, late of Allen County, deceased. All parties interested in said estate will take notice and govern themselves accordingly.

H. M. MILLER, Administrator.

## Publication Notice

First published November 1, 1901.

STATE OF KANSAS, ss. ALLEN COUNTY, ss.

In the District Court for said county, J. W. DeLaplaine, Plaintiff vs.

Thomas Wilson and the No. 429 Unknown heirs of Thos. Wilson, Defendants.

Said defendants will take notice that they have been sued in the above named court by a decree of said court, affirming the title of the plaintiff to the south half of the southwest quarter of section 16, township 26 north, range 18 east in Allen county, Kansas, and must answer the petition filed therein, by and plaintiff, on or before the 14th day of December, 1901, or said petition will be taken as true, and judgment for plaintiff in said action and a decree granting quieting of title in the name of the plaintiff to the land described.

ATTEST: S. C. HUBBARD, Clerk of said Court.

T. S. Stover, Attorney for Plaintiff.

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We club with the Mail and Breeze and will give you that paper one year and the Register one year for \$2.00.

## Spreads Like Wildfire.

When things are "the best" th become "the best selling." Abraham

Hare, a leading druggist, of Belleville, O., writes: "Electric Bitters are the best selling bitters I have handled in 20 years." You know why? Most diseases begin in disorders of stomach,

liver, kidneys, bowels, blood and nerves. Electric Bitters tones up the stomach, regulates the liver, kidneys and bowels, purifies the blood, strengthens the nerves, hence cures multitudes of maladies. It builds up the entire system. Puts new life and vigor into any weak, sickly, run down man or woman. Price 50c. Sold by Evans Bros.